

# Creature of the Night

by Warrior Nun

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Summary: At first, it was just random killings. But when the death toll rises, that is when Berk City started to panic. No one is safe after dark as danger lurks at every corner. One fateful night...a young boy stayed out too long... rating may rise in the near future  
CURRENTLY ON HOLD

## 1. Chapter 1: The Encounter

This is my first How to Train Your Dragon fanfiction, with the ever so popular pairing of ToothCup. I can't think of anything else other than please be gentle and give out critiques.

Main pairing: ToothCup (anthro!Toothless/Hiccup)

Setting: Anachronism stew of the Modern times and Victorain era

Warning: May contain slash, possible case of sudden case of OOC/Out of Character moment, any form of violence, and usage of drugs, tobacco and/or alcohol. You have been warned.

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I would like to thank Bam-Mwahaha for beta-ing this!

\* \* \*

><p>It was way past curfew, Hiccup cursed inwardly at how much time has passed.<p>

"Yeah, Dad's gotta love this..." he muttered sarcastically as he walked down the cobblestone streets.

Especially since that there was a sudden rise of mysterious murders going around in Berk City. It seemed random at first, but when the body count started escalating, they concluded that it might be a serial killer.

It doesn't help with the fact that his father is the head of the Berk PD.

It was then that Hiccup heard a strange sound from behind him and turned to see what it was, but found nothing. Thinking it was just his imagination Hiccup walked on only to see a large shadow fly above him and the teen quickly looked up, but only managed to see the little rocks that were kicked back by the owner of the shadow moving on the rooftops. Hiccup was starting to feel very nervous and began to walk a little faster.

Because he was on such high alert, Hiccup picked up the sound of feet walking behind him. He was so scared that he didn't bother to look back. All he did was run. The teen panted hard as he ran in whatever direction seemed like it would put the most distance between him and his pursuer. He didn't even care if he would be grounded after this.

He almost skidded to make a dash for a corner before leaning against the wall to catch his breath. His heart pounding hard against his chest as he clamped his mouth shut in order not to make any sound. When he felt a bit calmed down, Hiccup took in his surroundings.

From the looks of the place, and occasional graffiti, he had gone through Old Town Berk.

"Great...and not enough change for a bus ride..." He sarcastically muttered.

He would consider calling Fishlegs but remembered that he was still on the training wheels when it comes to driving. That and he just remembered that he was attending a birthday dinner for his mom.

Terrificâ€¦|just terrificâ€¦|

"Could this night get any worse?" he asked out loud.

"You could be dead." A suave voice was heard from behind, causing Hiccup's blood to run cold.

The teen slowly turned around and was faced with a tall figure of a man who was dressed in formal attire and had a cane with a silver dragon head piece. The turned up collar of his cloak hid his face while the top hat hid his eyes. It took a while before Hiccup finally managed to speak but eventually he did.

"Who...who are you?" The teen asked slowly, but it might be a mistake on his part.

The stranger just let out what seemed to be an amused chuckle before speaking, "I can be many things, but that all depends on what you do."

It was obvious that he was psyching him out, making Hiccup to drop his guard by playing the nice guy role...but judging on his attire, he does not fit this place.

Still...

"I...I have no idea what you're sprouting on about...but...but...I have a knife on me and I'm not afraid to use it!" He made a motion to his jacket pocket to make it look like he had some form of weapon on him.

But really the closest thing to a weapon is his pen. And some small change.

\_Oh God...I'm screwed aren't I!?!\_ Was the first thing that ran through his mind. There is no way that he would be getting out of this with his whatever is valuable on his person.

The stranger raised his head a bit to show his lips and reveal a smirk.

"Really? Then come at me." The man spoke and Hiccup's eyes widened.

"Wh-what?" was all he could muster out.

"I said come at me. If you're truly armed then I dare you to stab me. I'll even stay still and let you have the first strike." The stranger explained, he even go as far as to relax himself. Leaving his whole being out in the open.

Hiccup got quiet and gulped. He didn't expect the man to call his bluff like that. Now the question right now is: what can he do?

Then Hiccup remembered watching a martial arts film last night. Might not be his forte but at least it would give him enough time to make a break for it. With a deep breath and exhaled, he kept his hand in his pocket...before charging on.

The stranger before him kept still, almost as if he were anticipating this. And just when he was about to make a swish like motion out of his pocket, Hiccup pulled his hand back and used a palm strike on his chest.

\_That should do it!\_ He thought. \_I could be home free!\_

However the teen didn't count on the fact the fact that the other man would grab his wrist and twist his arm back. Hiccup shouted in pain as his arm was pulled back tight, so tight that he was worried it would break. He would struggle but it might not be an option now.

"Ah, stop! Please let go!" He pleaded but the man didn't let go. Instead he leaned down into Hiccup's ear and whispered to him. He could hear the low baritone in the latter's voice.

"I said I'd stay still if you were armed, but you weren't. Thus I defended myself. Did you even have a knife?" The Stranger asked, blowing hot breath into Hiccup's ear.

A lump was forming in his throat, causing him to swallow as he shivered.

This was it...16 years of his life, was going to end right here.

"I...I..." damn it, he felt crying now! This is really pathetic, even for him. A low chuckle was heard as he felt a hand running slowly on his chest.

"Do you know what happens to those who fib, even a little?" the man's voice was teasing, almost seductive. Oh, God...is he...the murderer?! Hiccup whimpered at the question and let the tears fall. He just knew the worst fate would come.

"Go on then. Kill me if you truly must but please make it quick." He told him, sounding defeated. What chance does he have against this guy? He didn't get the chance to tell his dad how much he loved him—confess his feelings for Astrid, or maybe tell his idiot cousin that he was always an asshole (and maybe try to dodge his punch). What he didn't expect was the figure behind him took an intake of breath at the statement.

"What?" It was almost as if he didn't anticipate his reaction.

"What do you mean 'what'? You're clearly the serial killer and chose me as your latest victim, so stop with your cat and mouse games and just kill me." The teen pointed out, trying to sound brave but his voice came out in a light sob.

The man was quiet, but Hiccup held his breath as tears stream down his face.

But to his surprise, he released his hold on Hiccup's arm and let him go.

Hiccup stumbled forward a bit before regaining balance and turned to face him. He saw that the man's face was still hidden, but he could feel his eyes on him.

"W-why..." was all he could croak out.

Again the man was quiet, but after a while he started to speak again.

"I...I didn't mean to scare you like that. I'm not the serial killer."

Hiccup stared at him in shock; it took a moment for him to finally find his voice. "Then who are you? Why have you been following me?"

"I can't tell you that. At least not yet—" he paused to think over his next choice of words. "But I do apologize for scaring you. Please forgive me." The stranger bowed after voicing out his apology.

Hiccup was a bit taken back at how...well, for a better lack of word, gentlemanly he was. A little while ago he was threatening...ly. And feeling him up...

Ok, remembering that bit made his cheeks go hot.

"Um...it's cool..." then he takes a good look around of Old Town Berk. It was different from the day time, at this time of night, it was...rather ominous. "Hey...you...you don't mind on showing me the way out of here right?" he asked sheepishly. "My Dad told me not to come to Old Town after dark..."

"Not at allâ€|but I can't go any further than the corner outside of Old Town." The man stated.

"That's alright. Just help me out and I'll go from there."

"Very well, come along then." The man said and led the way with Hiccup following close.

As they took several lefts and rights, Hiccup began to notice that things were becoming familiar to him. He figured that since the mysterious man was helping him out of this scary place that he should try to break the ice with him. Also it would keep him from being so nervous.

"So um, how long have you been in town?" Hiccup asked.

The stranger almost flinched but regained his composure without fail.

"I've been in the streets as long as I could remember..."

And that was all he could say.

This is getting awkward.

"...A bit vague, don't you think?" The redhead asked, trying to lighten the mood.

"Only if you're so nosy that you want to know someone's entire personal life." The stranger said with a grin and Hiccup blushed.

"What? No! That's not why I askedâ€|I only wanted to..."He tried to say but the man's chuckle stopped him.

"Relax, young man, I'm only joking with you. You're not being nosy, though I am a private man and wish to keep such details a secret." He explained.

"Oh, okay. Well that's understandable then." Hiccup said with a relieved smile then turned his attention to the odd cane the man had. "That's a very interesting cane you have. At least the head is." He said. The man glanced down at his cane and held it up by the wooden body so Hiccup could see the head better.

"Thank you. I got it from an antique shop once upon a time. The head of this cane have a very unique story, but it may bore you to hear." The man spoke.

Hiccup shrugged as he walked a bit closer. "I have time," he had a rather sweet smile on his face. "Besides, I got into this antique

stuff since Warehouse 13."

The stranger chuckled at this before beginning his story. "Well, it's said that this interesting cane head was molded to hold the spirit of a dragon that a great warrior had slayed so that no one could reincarnate the beast for any purposes, benign or otherwise. And then the cane was given to the warrior so that he could keep close watch on it. But then something happened."

"And thenâ€¦?" Hiccup asked with great curiosity.

The stranger smiled at the younger boy's eagerness to hear the rest of the story; an odd one in this day and age, but refreshing. "Well, the spirit of the dragon began to gradually take over the soul of the warrior who slayed it until the warrior became a dragon hybrid. Not wanting anyone to find out of his predicament, he left his homeland and wandered the earth, taking the cane along with him. Then one day, he met a maiden who fell in love with him and the two had children. When they finally settled down, the dragon's spirit re-entered the cane head and from there the cane was passed down from generation to generation, never leaving the family. Until this day."

"Wow. That's a pretty cool storyâ€¦" Hiccup was in awe, he had read a lot of stories that were dragon-related but none like this. Then after reviewing what he heard, there is this one question that was nagging him. "So, did the dragon ever possess the children or descendants of the warrior who slayed it?"

"No. It is said that the dragon possessed the warrior to teach him that even monsters can love and be loved in return." the man explained.

Hiccup nodded in understanding as he let the words sink in.

"Poetic...and philosophical in a way..." he was about to ask more until he noticed that they're in the clearing. "Aww, end of the road," The boy's voice had a playful tone despite sounding disappointed. Then he looked up to the man and gave him a grateful smile. "Thanks for the help, even if you kinda scared me back there."

"You're welcome. Just remember the moral of the story, young one; even monsters deserve to be loved and can love back. So don't be so quick to judge someone that appears different from the norm." The stranger stated.

"I'll be sure to keep that in mind, sir. Thank you and good-bye." Hiccup said and waved at the man as he walked off.

"Good bye. And remember my cane. You might see me again." It was the last thing that the stranger spoke, before walking off into the growing mist, disappearing from view.

Hiccup smiled at the man but then he groaned when he realized something. He was about two hours behind curfew. As he dragged his feet home to his fate, Hiccup wished that the dragon would pop up and possess him so he could fly away.

A heavy sigh escaped from his lips as he looked up to the sky, seeing

traces of the stars, no thanks to the pollution.

"I wonder if I can see him again."

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><p>Any form of critique is welcomed, please refrain from flaming.<p>

I give props to Ralyena Starrling to provide the legend concerning of the dragon-head cane and helping me out to get this story going. More of her stories are available for viewing under the name of JackalyenMystique on deviantart.

## 2. Chapter 2: Another Victim

I would like to thank Gabriel Nichole for beta-ing this!

Warnings: This fanfiction may contain slash/yaoi, sudden case of Out of Character moments, any form of violence, usage of drugs, alcohol, and/or tobacco.

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><p>Creature of the Night chapter 2<p>

When Hiccup finally got home last night, he was thankful that his father wasn't home yet. The last thing he was looking forward to was another loud scolding, as well as a rather absurd curfew. Honestly who sets a curfew up around 7 p.m.?! He knows how his dad was protective of him, but this is ridiculous!

The redhead sighed as he made his way upstairs to his room, greeted by the sight of a wall that is littered of various doodles and notes by his desk where he kept his computer and art supplies. The sight of his bed practically beckons him, urging him to get to sleep; Hiccup didn't waste any time when he toed off his sneakers before searching for comfortable clothes to sleep in.

Once he settled underneath the covers, he sighed with content as he allowed himself fell into sleep's embrace.

The last thing that he saw in his mind was the image of that stranger he met in Old Berk.

"Looks like we've got another oneâ€|"

Stoick tried to hide his grimace when he lifted off of the white sheet that hide the body from public view as passerby slowly gather out of morbid curiosity, thank God for that yellow tape that prevent them from approaching further. The boys back in Forensics are sticklers for wanting uncontaminated crime scenes. But that is not the point.

It was the sight of the latest victim.

A young boy, and from his appearance looked about around his son's age. His face was frozen in terror; his brown eyes were wide and blank. After seeing so many mangled bodies, each one bloodier than

the last, he and Gobber were no longer flinch at the mere sight. No matter how horrible the murder scene was. He vaguely heard someone passing underneath the tape boundary to vomit far enough to keep it from contaminating the scene. Might be one of the green horns, one time he heard the other one had a week long nightmares after being introduced to the morgue. Saying something about being dragged into the cold chambers by the deadâ€¦

There are times that he hated his job, wondering what if he would take up another occupation and not deal with scenes like this. But, once in a while, when a child wound up as a corpseâ€¦he couldn't help but think of Hiccup.

Honestly, that boy could have an attention span of a sparrow, but that didn't mean that Hiccup was any less special, what he lacks in physical strength, he makes up for it in intellect; a trait that was shared with his dear late wife, along with her eyes, Hell even her face. Stoick knew that if he was the parent who got the devastating news of his son being killed he would want the police to work diligently to find the killer. And that's what made him keep his badge.

No parent should have to go through this.

"Alright, just remember to use less amount of water if you want a different shading tone with calligraphy brushes," the art teacher, Ms. Cowell, reminded as she walked around to see if there are students who needed either needed advice or a review over the today's activity.

Hiccup taps his pencil against his sketchbook, thinking over what to draw. They get to rough sketch out a subject of their choice, just as long as it was school appropriate. He was racking his brain on what to sketch out, while others seemed to have a good idea on what to use for an ink painting. While others are thinking about some things such as the calligraphy paint that were well known in the Far Eastern countries, Hiccup had a particular subject to draw but didn't know how to sketch it right.

That Stranger he met from Old Berkâ€¦

Last night's events flash through his head. He remembered his hand running down his chestâ€¦his voice near his earâ€¦

Hiccup blinked as he held up his sketch book quickly, making sure that no one in the room take note of his embarrassment. He would not here the end of one of his classmates pointing out that he might be having some dirty thoughts or something; he's a man of class!

Sort ofâ€¦but that's not the point.

However, as much as he wanted to sketch out the man's portraitâ€¦he haven't gotten a good look at the older man's face, since most of it were obscured by the high collar of his coat and hat. The head of his cane, on the other hand, he remembered the details very wellâ€¦made of the finest silver, carved carefully in a form of a traditional western dragon that can be seen in fairy tales with small green gems that served as its eyes; with ebony-colored wood as its body.

And the story behind it, the way that the man spoke of it, almost



sounded like it actually happened. Like that man was actually there

Hiccup sighed softly as he tried to sketch out of whatever features that he had seen on that night.

No time of daydreaming right now he had to get this done before the due date.

He looked over the scene below him, grimacing at the sight of the police force and some passing by civilians that were lingering around. He sniffed the air a bit and had to force himself to repress a growl that almost escaped from his throat.

Another one this time a youngling

And from the looks of his appearance, he could be no older than that boy he had encountered last night.

If anything, he supposed that he was lucky that he was the one that the boy ran into. Old Berk is notorious of being not only seedy

Though there are times that there are things as worse as those that dwell in the dark. After all, he had been around this city long enough to know the seedy underbelly and its secrets. But none the less, he found himself still living in this city. Especially that the death toll is getting higher, and that would pose a problem.

"This is my turf" he spoke softly out. "I don't like sharing."

\* \* \*

><Please leave a review or comment, any form of flames will be used for the furnace.<p>

Author's note(s): Ms. Cowell, it might be an obvious reference to the original authoress of the novel series.

End  
file.